

Poetry.

DEATH.

This is a world of care,
And many thorns upon its pathway lie;
Weep not, then, in thine, for your fond and fair—
Let the young die!

Joy is like summer flowers,
And soon the blossoms of their beauty fall;
Clouds gloom o'er both; brief are of both the hours—
Death ends them all!

This is a world of strife,
Of feverish strugglings, and satiety,
And blighted enterprise—what then is life?
Let the strong die!

All human love is vain,
And human might is but an empty sound;
Power both of mind and body bringeth pain—
Death is its bound!

This is a world of woe,
Of heaviness and of anxiety;
Why cling we then to evils that we know?
Let the old die!

Wrestlings with fell disease,
Vain lamentations o'er departed years;
Is not age life with these?
Death dries all tears!

This is a world of pain;
There is a "better land" beyond the sky;
A humble spirit may that portion gain—
Let the just die!

But let those shrink with dread,
Whose days have been of evil, lest they find,
When all their earthly hopes are withered,
Despair behind!

Let them improve for aye,
A better record of their years to give;
And lean on Him who mercifully bade
The sinner live!

Miss Pardoe.

POPERY IN SPANISH AMERICA.

(From the Christian Remembrancer, June, 1843.)

Except to those who have seen the Roman religion in countries where its unlimited sway, and the ignorance of the people, permit it to throw off the mask of prudence, and do not require it, as with us, to be ever on its best behaviour, Mr. Robertson's account of the Penitents of Corrientes (in Spanish America), will seem an extravagant fable, better suited to Exeter Hall, than to our pages: believing his narrative to present a true picture, we lay it before our readers—

"It was past eleven on the evening of Good Friday, when Juan, our travellers' servant, came rushing from their warehouse to their dwelling, apparently scared and terrified out of his wits. 'Oh master, master,' he cried, as he rushed into the room, after hastily bolting the front gate, 'oh master, it is coming this way; shut the window.'"

"As he said this," continues Mr. Robinson, "we heard the clanking of heavy chains, and presently saw four or five lanterns moved slowly along, apparently by dark figures. A party, by degrees, came in sight, and presented to our astonished sight a spectacle which seemed to justify all the terror displayed by Juan, who, like ourselves, was a stranger in Corrientes. The group consisted of eight individuals: four of them, forming a square, carried each a lantern; three inside moved triangularly, the hinder one having a plate, sponge, jug of water, and oranges in his hand. In the centre of this triangle walked a figure closely masked, his body bare to the loins, and a flowing white calico or muslin robe from that downwards, stained and besmeared with blood, his back lacerated, torn, and bleeding; his ankles encircled with heavy iron, and which only enabled him to move a foot's length at a time; and he himself, as he thus moved along, incessantly scouring his back with a sort of long lash, made of untwisted cords, bringing them down on his tunic or demi-robe, to clear them of the blood which, at each stroke, they imbibed. The profound silence was only broken by the heavy breathing and suppressed groans of the self-constituted martyrs."

"We presently discovered the use of the man who walked behind the principal actor in the drama— Close to our house was a niche, with a figure of the Virgin Mary, surmounted by a cross. As the gyved wretch came in front of it, he sunk heavily on his knees, and in the same moment exhausted nature, for a time, relieved him from his sufferings in a swoon. Thus reduced to insensibility, as he was receding over, the man behind caught him up. He bathed his temples, and took other means of restoring him; gave him an orange to suck; assisted by the other two men, he got him again on his feet; and again, after a pause, the flagellation recommenced, and the group moved forward."

"This was but the commencement of the procession: there was an interval of a few minutes, time enough to look unutterable things at each other, before the attention of the brothers was arrested by a new group."

"It came marshalling up precisely in the same way as at the first, but the victim, in this case, was in a white robe, was masked, and had a large crucifix behind him, tied tightly to his back and to his extended arms, by hair ropes twisted round the crucifix and his body. [We presume Mr. R. means a cross]; he was also in fetters, but seemed to walk with even greater difficulty than the preceding sufferers. It was evident that the tightness of the ligatures impeded the circulation of the blood, and that in this part we were to look for his passing martyrdom. He faltered frequently, kneeling at the niche with infinite torture, but recovered and passed on. A third came, attended by two torchmen and an assistant, and marked as the preceding, crucified. This poor creature crawled on all fours, and his bleeding knees and hands attested the pain of the operation, over rough and broken streets, here sinking into the mud and sand, and there overlaid with bricks and loose sharp stones. But behold, a fourth, emulating his predecessor, and not only on his hands and knees, but dragging a large stone behind him, attached to his girdle by a hide rope; and he is followed by a fifth in the same attitude, with a huge iron bit in his mouth, while one man drags him along by the reins attached to it, and another follows scouring the man brute by his own desire."

"The procession still continued,—a procession of what? of desperate fanatics, inflicting self-mortification for the punishment of deep and horrid sins, or crimes? alas, no!—a procession of licentious, hired impostors. 'Do you not know,' said a Corrientina dame to Mr. Robertson, 'that though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak? and how is it possible that they should be all crucified, without receiving good nourishment both before and afterwards?' A less excited friend explained the matter to our travellers—a transaction repudiated indeed by the heads of the church, and the respectable portion of the inhabitants, but kept up through fear of the lowest class of Corrientes. As soon as the Lenten fast begins, some of the less scrupulous friars, aided by the abandoned women of the town, search among the dregs of the Corrientes for some fifteen or twenty penitents; from time of their selection to that of their exhibition, the penitents are fasted and paid, to enable them to endure the trial. The rewards differ: in the case related above, as Donna Florida boasted, the penitents, despite the rewards and the good feeding they had received, would not move until they received a promise of a hundred masses each whenever their souls should require them. So much for the preparations."

"At the appointed time," said Don Ysidoro, our travellers' informant, "they are gathered together at the convent of San Francisco, where all is prepared

for their respective penitences, such as you saw, and thence, cheered on by their patrons and patronesses, they set out in procession. Those who are to inflict self-flagellation, have a card, used for carding wool, smartly applied to their backs, so as to draw blood with all its fine points, and the application of the lash keeps up the bleeding without causing much pain. They walk round the town, are then put to bed, tended and nursed till they are well, and so dismissed. On occasions when the weather has been sharp, death has ensued. But this is always hushed up, and as those who die richly deserve their fate, they are not at all commiserated; indeed, it is looked on as a proof of the penitent being game, and entitled to high admiration on that account."

"The exhibition of the penitents presents one view of the ceremonies of the Roman Church in South America; the Christmas festival of the posadas exhibits that curious mixture of false religion and trivial amusement which was in early days developed in the so-called religious plays of the middle ages, but one step from the religious caricatures of the fool's mass and the boy pope. For this spectacle, we shall have recourse to the clever and highly amusing pages of Madame de la Barca, whose two years' residence, with her husband, the Spanish ambassador, in Mexico, gave her excellent opportunities of describing the manners of the people. For eight days previous to the commemoration of the Saviour's birth, the wandering of the holy family from inn to inn, in the crowded city of Bethlehem, is represented by bands of children wandering from one house to another, requesting admittance. The Christmas-eve is the last of the posadas, as the festival is called, that curious, but extremely pretty, mixture of religion and amusement, as the ambassador terms the exhibition."

"We went to the Marquesa's at eight o'clock, and about nine the ceremony commenced. A lighted taper was put into the hand of each lady, and a procession formed, two by two, which marched all through the house, the corridors and walls of which were all decorated with evergreens and lamps, and the whole party singing litanies. A group of little children, dressed as angels, joined the procession. They wore little robes of silver or gold lama, plumes of white feathers, and profusion of fine diamonds and pearls, in *bandeaux*, brooches and necklaces, white gaiter wings, and white satin shoes embroidered in gold. At last the procession drew up before a door, and a shower of fireworks was sent flying over our heads, I suppose to represent the descent of the angels, for a group of ladies appeared, dressed to represent the shepherds who watched their flocks by night upon the plain of Bethlehem. Then voices, supposed to be those of Mary and Joseph, struck up a hymn, in which they begged for admittance, saying that the night was cold and dark, that the wind blew hard, and that they prayed for a night's shelter: a chorus of voices from within refused admittance; again those without entreated shelter, and at length declared that she at the door, who thus wandered in the night, and had not room to lay her head, was the Queen of Heaven.— At this time the doors were thrown open, and the holy family entered singing. The scene within was very pretty; *anacimientos*. Platforms, going all round the room, were covered with moss, on which were disposed groups of wax figures, generally representing passages from different parts of the New Testament, though sometimes they begin with Adam and Eve in paradise. There was the Annunciation—the salvation of Mary to Elizabeth—the wise men of the east—the shepherds—the flight into Egypt. There were green-trees and fruit-trees, and little fountains that cast up fountains of water, and flocks of sheep, and a little cradle in which to lay the infant Saviour.— One of the angels held a waxen baby in her hands.— The whole was lighted very brilliantly, and ornamented with flowers and garlands. A *padre* took the baby from the angel and placed it in the cradle, and the *posada* was complete. We then returned to the drawing-room, angels, shepherds, and all, and danced till supper-time. The supper was a show for sweetmeats and cakes."

"We cannot here describe the Chinese balustrade, or the gold and silver of the cathedral of Mexico, the present occupant of the site of the Temple of the Sun, where the blood of the human victim flowed in honour of the god of War, the Son born of a virgin, according to the Mexican tradition. Glitter, indeed, does the sacred edifice, in gold, and jewels, whilst the dirt cumber the floor, and drives all but the lowest of the people, the hateful leproses, from worshipping on its benighted pavement. Where the protectors of the Tolonozin Indians had her temple on the hill of Tapeyac, overlooking the valley and city of Mexico, now stands the chapel of our lady of Guadalupe, from whose bishop the ambassador received the following legend:

"In 1531, ten years and four months after the conquest of Mexico, the fortunate Indian, whose name was Juan Diego, and who was a native of Cuatlan, went to the suburb of Tlalcozaco to learn the Christian doctrine, which the Franciscan monks taught there. As he was passing by the mountain of Tapeyac, the holy Virgin suddenly appeared before him, and ordered him to go, in her name, to the bishop, and to make known to him that she desired to have a place of worship erected, in her honour, in that spot. The next day the Indian passed by the same place, when again the holy Virgin appeared before him, and demanded the result of his commission: Juan Diego replied, that in spite of his endeavours, he had been unable to obtain an audience with the bishop— 'Return,' said the Virgin, 'and say, that it is I, the Virgin Mary, the mother of God, who sends thee.'— Juan Diego obeyed the divine orders, yet still the bishop would not give him credence, merely desiring him to bring some sign or token of the Virgin's will. He returned with this message on the twelfth of December, when, for the third time, he beheld the apparition of the Virgin. She now commanded him to climb to the top of the barren rock of Tapeyac, to gather the roses which he should find there, and to bring them to her. The humble messenger obeyed, though well knowing that at that spot were neither flowers nor any trace of vegetation. Nevertheless, he found the roses, which he gathered and brought to the Virgin Mary, who, throwing them into his *tilma*, said, 'Return, show these to the bishop, and tell him that these are the credentials of thy mission.' Juan Diego set out for the episcopal house, and when he found himself in the presence of the prelate, he unfolded his *tilma*, to show him the roses, when there appeared imprinted on the *tilma* the miraculous image that has existed three centuries."

"The bishop was convinced; a procession formed, and the miraculous portrait of the patroness of New Spain conveyed to the new chapel on Tapeyac. Day by day flocks of worshippers to our lady of the Roses' shrine; and a high honour did he esteem it, who enjoyed but a momentary sight of the picture. 'What must be my happiness,' said the bishop, after narrating the legend to the ambassador, 'who can see her most gracious majesty every hour and every minute of the day!' Madame de la Barca could not comprehend the feelings of the old prelate when he declared that no temptation should seduce him from his small chapel of Tapeyac."

"The love of show and ostentation pervades every ceremony of the Church in Spanish America, even the solemn service of the *Missa pro defunctis* must have its gaudy furniture and its crowds of spectators, invited to the ceremony by an engraved card, bearing

a tomb and a cypress, and some such invitation as the following:—

Jose Maria A—
Jose G— de la C— and Basilio G—
brothers and uncle of the
Senator Don Augustin T—
who died on the 28th of last month,
request you to assist at the suffrage of the funeral
honours, which, by the desire of his wife,
Donna J— A—
will be celebrated in the church of San Francisco, on
the morning of the 8th of this month,
February, 1840, at 9 o'clock.

At these ceremonies the male relatives, in deep mourning, sit on high-backed chairs, round the church, beneath the crimson and gold hangings, the ladies, in long funeral cloaks, kneel on the carpeted floor, whilst the priests perform the service for the departed.— The beggars and the leproses crowd the doors and steps, beseeching charity in the name of the dead."

Professing, as the ambassador did, the religion dominant in the country, Madame de la Barca had opportunities of being present at, and giving details of, many ceremonies from which former visitors to Spanish America have been excluded, on account of the difference of their theological tenets. Soon after her return from a country travel, our traveller was summoned to the consecration of Senor Posada to the dignity of archbishop of Mexico. The old bishop of Linares presided, assisted by two younger brethren of the Episcopal bench, and general Bustamante, the president of the state, acted as *padre* or godfather to the archbishop elect. To the ceremony went all the diplomatic body, and as ladies, however great their real influence may be in diplomacy, are not recognized in diplomatic phraseology, the lords of the ambassadorial creation sat on their high-backed chairs, whilst their ladies and daughters knelt on the pavement of the cathedral during the three hours of the consecration. Every preparation was of the most costly kind. The dresses of the prelates were of white velvet and gold, and their tiaras blazed with diamonds. The candlestick, and the basins for holy water, were of the purest gold, and the vestment prepared for the new primate, of the most elaborate and gorgeous description."

"Magnificent chairs were prepared for the bishops, near the altar, and the president in uniform, took his seat among them. The presiding bishop took his place alone, with his back to the altar, and the Senor Posada was led in by the assisting bishops, they with their mitres, he with his priest's cap, on. Arrived before the presiding bishop, he uncovered his head, and made a profound obeisance. These three then took their seats on chairs placed in front. After a short pause, they arose, and again uncovered their heads, and the bishop Morales, turning to the presiding bishop, said, 'Most reverend father, the Holy Catholic Mother Church requests you to raise this presbyter to the charge of the archbishopate.' 'Have you an apostolical mandate?' 'We have.' 'Read it.' An assistant priest then read the mandate in a loud voice; upon which they all sat down, the consecrator saying, 'Thanks be to God.' Then Posada, kneeling before him, took an oath upon the Bible, which the bishop held, concluding with these words, 'So may God help me and these, his Holy Gospels.' Then, all sitting down, and resuming their mitres, the examination of the future archbishop took place. It was very long, and at its conclusion, Posada knelt before the presiding bishop and kissed his hand. To this succeeded the confession; every one standing uncovered before the altar, which was then sprinkled with incense. Then followed the mass chanted."

Led from the cathedral by the assistant bishops, Posada was clothed with the episcopal robes, and read the service of the mass before the altar. Again brought before the consecrator, he saluted him with reverence, and sat whilst the presiding bishop declared to him the duties of the episcopal office. Again they all arose, and the consecrator prayed for God's blessing on the newly-elected primate. Prostrate before the altar, they all listened to the singing of the Litanies. These ended, the presiding prelate, taking the crossier in his hand, prayed three times that grace might abound in the chosen one, each time signing him with the symbol of the cross. Posada alone now knelt, the rest sat on their episcopal chairs."

"The Bible was then placed on his shoulders, while he remained prostrate; the bishop, rising up, pronounced a solemn benediction on him, while the hymn of Veni Creator was sung in full choir. Then, dipping his hand in the holy chrism, the bishop anointed the primate's head, making on it the sign of the cross, and saying, 'Let thy head be anointed and consecrated with the celestial benediction, according to the pontifical mandate.' The bishop then anointed his hands, making in the same manner the sign of the cross, and saying, 'May these hands be anointed with holy oil; and as Samuel anointed David, a king and a prophet, so be thou anointed and consecrated.' This was followed by a solemn prayer. Then the crossier was blessed, and presented to the elected archbishop, with these words, 'Receive the pastoral crossier, that thou mayest be humbly severe in correcting vices, exercising judgment without wrath.' The blessing of the ring followed, with solemn prayer, and, being sprinkled with holy water, it was placed on the third finger of the right hand, the bishop saying, 'Receive the ring, which is a sign of faith; that, adorned with incorruptible faith, thou mayest guard inviolably the spouse of God, his holy Church.'"

"The volume of the Holy Scriptures, which, during these last ceremonies, had remained on the shoulder of the kneeling prelate, was then removed and presented to him, with an injunction to receive and preach the gospel. The kiss of peace was then bestowed, and Posada retired to his abluitions; after these he returned, bearing two lighted tapers, which, with two small loaves and barrels of wine, he presented to the consecrator in a reverential attitude. The presiding prelate then washed his hands, mounted the altar-steps, and administered the sacrament to the altar."

"The mitre was then blessed, and placed upon his head, with a prayer from the bishop, that thus, with his head armed, and with the staff of the Gospels, he might appear terrible to the adversaries of the true faith. 'The gloves were next consecrated and drawn on his hands, the bishop praying, 'that his hands might be surrounded by the purity of the new man; and that, as Jacob, when he covered his hands with goat's skins, offered agreeable meats to his father, and received his paternal benediction, so he, in offering the holy sacrament, might obtain the benediction of his Heavenly Father.' The archbishop was then seated by the consecrator prelate, on his pontifical throne, and at the same time the hymn 'Te deum laudamus,' was chanted. During the hymn, the new archbishop, with his jewelled mitres, rose, and, passing through the church, blessed the whole congregation, the new archbishop still remaining near the altar, and with his mitre. When he returned to his seat, the assistant bishops, including the consecrator, remained standing till the hymn was concluded. The presiding bishop then, advancing with his mitre to the right hand of the archbishop, said, 'may thy hand be strengthened. May thy right hand be exalted. May justice and judgment be the preparation of thy seat.' Then the organ pealed forth, and they chanted the hymn of 'Gloria Patri.' Long and solemn prayer followed, and then they all, uncovered, stood beside the

* Considering that the blessing was obtained by fraud, this prayer seems but an awkward allusion.

Gospels, at the altar. The archbishop rose, and, with mitre and crossier, pronounced a solemn blessing on all the people assembled. Then, while all knelt beside the altar, he said 'for many years.' This he repeated three several times; the second time in the middle of the altar, the third time at the feet of the presiding bishop."

And then bestowing the kiss of peace on each of his episcopal brethren, the new primate concluded the long and interesting ceremonies of the consecration of the first, and, if revolution still goes on in the fruitful land of the South, peradventure of the last, Archbishop of Mexico."

We have already given our readers one insight into the ceremonies of the holy week in Spanish America: savage ceremonies were seen to delight the half-savage Corrientinos, on whom the more elegant devices of the Mexicans would have been thrown away. Sifting herself to her worshippers, the Roman Church, more than any other, studies the feelings of the people, and varies her ceremonial according to the prejudices of the country. In Mexico, from the Palm Sunday, all the nation takes a holiday, business is suspended, shops are closed, and from every quarter flock the peasants into the capital. Among the lower classes, she alone is worshipped who said of herself, 'from henceforth all nations shall call me blessed!' With respectful pity or distant adoration they bow before the crosses, whilst on the face of ever worshipper of the Virgin is depicted intense love and passionate adoration."

On July Thursday, Mexico is filled with pedestrians in laces of the gayest kind, no carriages are allowed, velvet and silk are the only wear, and diamonds and pearls walk the streets. The embroidered dresses of the higher signoras are mingled with the highly tarched muslins of the lower classes, or rivalled by the gay colours of the Poblana peasants. During the day the crowds wander from church to church, kneeling for a few minutes at every altar, and marking the love for some peculiar saint, or special image of the Virgin, by their offerings."

"Before the altar of San Francisco," says Madame de la Barca, "was a representation of the Lord's Supper, not in painting, but in sculptured figures, as large as life, habited in Jewish dresses. Santo Domingo looked like a little pariah, or a story in the Arabian Nights; all the steps up to the altar were covered with pots of beautiful flowers; orange-trees loaded with fruit and blossom, and rose-bushes in full bloom, glassed of coloured water, and all kinds of fruit. Cagesfull of birds, singing delightfully, hung from the walls, and really fine paintings filled up the intervals. A gay carpet covered the floor, and in front of the altar, instead of the usual representation of the Saviour crucified, a little infant Jesus, beautifully done in wax, was lying among flowers, with little angels surrounding him."

"The music from 'Romeo and Juliet' completed the scene; 'the prettiest and most fantastic, like something expressly got up for the benefit of children.' Move on but a few streets, and the love of the horrible is catered for in the church of Santa Teresita Neuve, where before every altar sits a figure of the Saviour, life size, crowned with thorns, and clothed in purple, the blood trickling from his wounds, and his feet and hands offered to the kisses of his worshippers. So far during the daylight. The night ushers in a new ceremonial; the grand procession in which the different trades of coachmen, squadores, or water-carriers, and gorgades, or porters, bear, on lofty scaffolding, huge and gaily-dressed figures of the Virgin, the Saints, the Trinity, and the Redeemer. The protectress of all classes, the Virgin, leads the procession, which included every apostle and saint of note, and various emblems of the leading points of the Catholic faith, all brilliantly illuminated, and attended by an amazing crowd of priests, monks, and laymen. The procession heralds in the illumination of the churches, to be visited in succession by every devout Christian. Each church now vies with the other in putting forth all its splendor of jewels, lights, dresses, and music."

"The prettiest effect in every church was caused by the orange-trees and rose-bushes, which covered the steps of the altars, up to where the magnificence of the altar itself blazed out; and the most picturesque effect was produced by the different orders of monks in their gowns and hoods, either lying on profaces, or standing ranged with torches like figures carved in stone. In the passage leading to most of the churches was a table, at which several ladies of the highest rank sat collecting alms for the poor; the fair *quitances* under the lower classes, and that chiefly among the lower classes. The fatigue was terrible, walking for so many hours on that bad pavement, with thin satin shoes, so that at length our feet seemed to move like air, like machines touched by a spring, and rose again with no small effort. Of all the churches we entered that night, the cathedral was the most magnificent; but the most beautiful and tasteful was San Francisco. The crowd there was so dense, that we were almost carried off our feet, and obliged, in defiance of all rule, to take the arms of our cavaliers: still it was worth the trouble of making our way through, to see such a superbly illuminated altar. It was now eleven o'clock, and the crowd was breaking up, as the churches are shut before midnight. In one corner of the middle aisle, near the door, was the representation of a prison, from which issued a stream of soft music; and at a window was a figure of Christ in chains, his eyes bandaged, and a Jew on each side. The chains hung from his hands, and clasped as if with the motion of his arms. Numbers of people were kneeling before the window of the prison, kissing the chains and beating their breasts, with every appearance of contrition and devotion."

"Such is the last scene of Holy Thursday. On the morrow all is changed; every sign of joy is gone, every ornament and decoration is cast aside, the whole pours forth in the garb of woe, and in silence awaits the arrival of sunset, when they may once more resume their finery and their gaiety, and listen to the band playing opera tunes, or cheer the explosions of the firework-stuffed Judasses, which are burnt and hooted at in the evening, with as much joy as our Guys on the Protestant jubilee. A new procession fills the streets; the figures represent the Virgin mourning at the foot of the cross, and many of the incidents of the Redeemer's painful death. Not a sound is heard as the procession files along; but, slowly and silently, amid the glare of a thousand tapers, the painted emblems are borne through the streets of the capital. Just before midnight the awful *Miserere* is performed in the cathedral, amid a crowd of spectators, whilst in the cathedral-square the band of the guards consoles those who cannot crush into the holy edifice with a selection of airs from 'Norma.' Such was Good Friday; such was passion-week in Mexico, when our ambassador was there to see it, and to record her idea of its prettiness and its fashionable crowds. Among the rustics of Logohuacan every action of the few last days of our Saviour's life is acted by tutored Indians, whilst the *curia* leads the performance by a recitation of the various acts: even the scene of the crucifixion, taking down from the cross, and the burial, are enacted; and the effect upon the people may be judged by the continuous sale of viands that succeeds to each papard, whilst the military play waltzes, and the adroit pickpockets pursue their trade between the acts of the sacred drama."

DOGMATIC THEOLOGY.

(From the Christian Remembrancer.)

The man who is without a creed is, in fact, a latent heretic: he is holding all heresies in solution; and it needs but the accidental drop of some moral acid to precipitate any given form of heresy. The Churchman who is unguarded by a positive theology forms a family connexion with dissenters, takes up with a popular non-conforming preacher, encounters a clever controversialist, and he renounces the Catholic faith without scruple or consideration. Now, we ask, Can it be that the flock should be the prey of the wolf, and the shepherd be guiltless in the sight of God? Where are the fences to protect the fold?— Where is the faithful voice of warning? It is with shame that we ask the questions, for we know that they cannot be answered. Due provision has not been made for the instruction of our people in a settled form of faith: the clergy themselves do not know what they are to teach; the result is that they teach diverse doctrines, and the people naturally think themselves at liberty to choose what they will believe and what they will reject."

It may be that, in venturing these remarks, we shall be charged with making persons dissatisfied with the Church as it is. The charge is unjust: our remarks really only go to render the clergy dissatisfied with themselves, and with the means employed for their education. Here we do desire to produce dissatisfaction in the minds of our brethren; and to convince them that there is need of a more systematic method of learning and teaching than what has been in use of late years. Nor do we conceal from ourselves that there is a preliminary difficulty to be overcome in order to persuade persons to be willing to receive a dogmatic theology; there would, we are well aware, be an objection of "bigotry," and a pleading of "liberty," a general exciting of persons' prejudices. At the same time it is that kind of reform which needs no legislative enactment, and is even now within the power of the clergy: and it may be, perhaps, that they who are deaf to reason may yet be moved by the appalling spectacle of schisms and apostasies."

We will now proceed to suggest what occurs to us by way of remedy. In the first place, some directly professional education must be required of candidates for holy orders. Theology is a science, and must be so studied. The English Church professes to receive the interpretations of the four first centuries; but what means are taken to instruct her clergy in those interpretations? She retains all the Catholic creeds; and her ritual is compiled from the earliest and best sources, and is yet, as a necessary part of clerical education. May it not be hoped that the bishops will make more use of the new professors at Oxford than they have yet done? The Bishop of Exeter, we believe, has given notice that he will require a certificate of attendance upon the professors' lectures, before he will receive a candidate; and the Bishop of Oxford has lately announced his intention of making a similar demand of those who bring a title for orders a *beneficium* (fellowship or scholarship) in university. We trust that there are other bishops prepared to follow the same example. At all events, let them try if something cannot be done towards promoting the learning of the clergy; even when the increasing demand for labourers renders them unwilling to do aught which may check the supply. One or two plans of this kind have occurred to us, which might assist in the object proposed; and which, therefore, we will venture to mention. First, it appears to us that the bishop might with advantage encourage young persons to signify their thought of entering the ministry at a much earlier period than is now done. Say at matriculation in the university. Of course any one would be at liberty to change his mind; but the earlier in life, it appears to us, that a youth enters and avows this resolution, the more likely he is to grow up in such habits and principles as become the profession to which he is destined, and to follow a line of study that will help to fit him for it. A register of the oncoming candidates for the service of the Church would, we think, be many ways useful to the bishop, and would lead (a thing much to be desired) to his providing suitable stations in which deacons should commence their ministry, instead of a man making that choice for himself, and being, perhaps, tempted to resort to some objectionable contrivance in order to secure a title. If this practice were pursued, each bishop might have in his diocese certain schools of the prophets, that is, certain clergymen who would be training up successive generations in the ministry— men capable of superintending the education of their curates in doctrine and discipline, learning and practice. This plan would imply, of course, that the stations were well selected, so that time would be allowed for study, and study rendered imperative; and it should be followed up by increasing the stringency of the examination for priest's orders, and, where possible, by placing an interval of two, if not three, years between the two examinations. An incidental benefit of no inconsiderable magnitude arising from this plan would be that the bishops would be enabled to know their clergy. From the first moment of a youth's name being entered in the bishop's register, he would be under the eye of his diocesan; and, when he was stationed in the place appointed by the bishop, reports might from time to time be made concerning his progress in study and in other clerical qualifications—

"We cannot but think that, *mutatis mutandis*, some expedient of this kind might be tried. A plan was proposed in our pages some time since for founding Diocesan 'Bishops' Colleges;' but, in the absence of any such extensive measure, something, at least, might be attempted on the smaller scale now advocated, and we cannot see how guilt can be avoided, so long as an attempt is not made of some kind or other. And, even now, it is probable, that much good might be done by the examination for orders being made more positive and doctrinal, even if it were not made wider and deeper. In mere academical examinations the drawing forth of the opinions of the young is carefully to be eschewed. Better not commit them prematurely to any positive views; let them be conversant with facts, rather than hasten to conclusions. But when a man is about to take upon him the orders of a Church, he should be well acquainted with the history, constitution, tenets, and practice of that church; his views should be fixed, and he should feel that they are fixed—fixed not by himself, but by the Church, whose minister he is. So there should be no open question; i. e. no question affecting foundations. If a man is not sound in fundamentals, as in the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, which underlies all other doctrines, he should be at once rejected. If a man be not learned, at least let him be firm in the faith: this is in point of fact a moral qualification, indispensable to the minister of Christ's gospel. We have no desire to set 'cobwebs to catch flies;' but it is the Apostle's command that 'the trumpet give no uncertain sound;' and how can this be prevented, if accurate instruction be not given in the notes and grammar of music to those who are to sound the trumpet?"

It is not our intention, however, to touch upon the differences which characterise the various schools of theology among us. But, assuming that a man's theology is sound, we complain that it is so rarely held consistently. It is the scholastic or dogmatical form in which recent views have been propounded that has caused so much offence; and the very present posture of things in the Church demonstrates, most strikingly, how dangerous it is to be without such a

dogmatical theology. Had the minds of churchmen been trained in such a form, the excitement which now exists in men's minds could never have arisen. The most extravagant doctrines might then be maintained by individuals with comparative general harmlessness. The boundaries of truth and error being familiarly known, persons would be able to retire into the entrenchments of acknowledged catholic doctrines. But now what is the case? The newspapers announce that Dr. Pusey has been preaching some extreme views on the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. Some call it transubstantiation; others consubstantiation, which in their ignorance they equally think a popish doctrine. The mention of popery arouses an Englishman's worst fears and bitterest animosities. The public mind is dreadfully excited. No doubt is entertained that Dr. Pusey has preached something very dreadful; but as to what this something is they have a very imperfect idea; and as to what they ought themselves to believe and hold, they are still less informed. A large proportion of the clergy are at this time wholly unable to understand the distinction between the doctrine of the real presence and of transubstantiation; and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has now upon its catalogue books which speak of the real presence as one of the principal characteristic errors of the Church of Rome! (See 'Outlines of English History,') The minds of men are in a state of most painful suspense. There is nothing to fall back upon: no foundation laid: no principles admitted. And, moreover, there is a general indisposition to receive any doctrine which claims for itself exclusive truth. Men shrink from the responsibility; and no wonder; because they have been taught to regard themselves as independent units in the universal family of God. What right have they, then, they justly ask, to claim superiority over others, or to impose a creed on men as free and as able to choose as themselves? In other words, they have practically lost the most comfortable doctrine of the communion of saints in the Catholic Church, which makes the Churchman to feel that he is never alone; and that his faith is the faith of ages; and that on his side are all the good of every generation and clime.— Backed by such a glorious company, he acquires boldness in enunciating and maintaining the principles of his belief; and is independent of the smiles or frowns of his contemporaries."

THE CHURCH.

COBOURG, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1843.

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There never was a truer saying uttered than this, that "EXTREMES MEET."—a truth practically verified in the articles on our page last and present week. The able and graphic letter of an 'Revisionist in America,' develops the wild notions of fanaticism, uncontrolled by the conservative principle of a Church; the article on "Popery in Spanish America," which appears in a previous column to-day, exhibits the equally wild influence of superstition. The first is the product of religious licentiousness,—the last the offspring of spiritual despotism; and it will be marvellous to those who do not understand human nature, to observe how extremely similar the gambols of this unhealthy progeny respectively are.

We ought not, however, to be taken by surprise in our contemplation of these vagaries under the venerable name of religion. An inspired Apostle, in what we may term a valdeictory address to a beloved son in the faith, warns us all that "in the last days perilous times shall come;"—that in those dangerous seasons, "evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived;"—that it will be a time, in which men "will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables."

These perilous times and calamitous circumstances, we are to understand, were, in some degree at least, to arrive even in the Apostolic times,—that the warning thus conveyed, was to be applicable to the days of Timothy himself,—that strong delusions, errors of faith and errors of practice, were to come in, even before that crisis so often alluded to by our Lord, and referred to by his Apostles,—the destruction of Jerusalem, and we are well assured that there existed, even in St. Paul's times, extreme and dangerous opinions, against which he felt it his duty to warn his converts; and we know from strong expressions in the beginning of the Book of Revelation, as well as from the whole testimony of ancient ecclesiastical history, that those errors of faith reached a most fearful height in the days of St. John, and, as we must believe, before the decease of Timothy to whom the words, above quoted, were addressed. We cannot, for an instant, believe that, in instructions so minute and exhortations so earnest as these, he meant to have reference merely to times far distant,—to events many ages forward,—to heresies and spiritual perils which were to affect only the final crisis of the world.

But at the same time that we admit this, we must feel that the Apostle, speaking as he did by a prophetic impulse, intended to warn the Church of God, in every age, of spiritual dangers from which it is not, in any age, to be free. We can readily understand that his apprehensions extended far beyond the mere life-time of him to whom he was specially addressing himself,—far beyond the present condition of converts to the truth: he would feel the persuasion that these words, addressed to "his own son in the faith," would be read in every age of the Church, and therefore we can believe that it was his design that these warnings should not be lost, to the end of time.

In every age of the Church, as its history most painfully informs us, we have evidence of the errors and the perils against which St. Paul utters his voice of warning. We know that, at comparatively an early era in the Church, the Arian heresy sprang up, and, through a variety of causes, all but gained an ascendancy over the truth. The "strong delusion" which it inculcated, was well nigh fatal to the cause of genuine Christianity; but the truth asserted its dominion at the last, and though the seeds of that soul-detracting error still continue, and many persist in it to their eternal ruin, yet it is but an heretical offshoot from the great body of sound Christianity.

And then we have the long and dark ages of the Papal domination, when the pure creed of the Gospel was, in many respects, adulterated, and the light and life of truth well nigh buried up in rites and ceremonies without edification, and opposed often to the word of God.—And when the truth of Christianity was stripped of this disguise, and its holy worship restored to the primitive pattern, we know that "perilous times" of insubordination, and of false doctrine too, arose. To the slavery of superstition succeeded the madness of fanaticism, and it would be hard to decide which have been productive of most evils in the world. If, in the one case, there is a stagnation of holy and lively principle, there is, in the other, an unnatural and dangerous heat and commotion, equally repugnant to the becoming sobriety and healthy fragrance of religion. And nothing, we can readily understand, is more likely to breed error in religion, than the placing the mind and feelings in that